Numb. CXLV.

The GUARDIAN.

Jura negat sibi nata, nihil non arrogat armis. Hor.

Thursday, August 27. 1713.

AMongst the several Challenges and Letters which my Paper of the 25th has brought upon me, there happens to be one which I know not well what to make of. I am doubtful whether it is the Sneer of some Wag, or the serious Resentment of a Coxcomb, that vents his Indignation with so insipid Pertness. In either of these two Lights I think it may divert my Readers, for which Reason I shall make no scruple to comply with the Gentleman's Request, and make his Letter Publick.

Old Testy, *Tilt-yard* Coffee-house.

'YOUR grey Hairs for once shall be your Protection, and this Billet a fair Warning to 'you for your audacious Raillery upon the Dignity 'of long Swords. Look to it for the future; consider, we Brothers of the *Blade* are Men of a *long Reach*: Think betimes,

How many Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron.

'It has always been held dangerous to play with 'Edge-Tools. I grant you, we Men of Valour 'are but awkward Jesters; we know not how to 'repay Joke for Joke; but then we always make 'up in *Point* what we want in *Wit*. He that shall 'rashly attempt to regulate our Hilts, or reduce 'our Blades, had need to have a Heart of Oak, as 'well as *Sides* of *Iron*. Thus much for the pre'sent: In the mean time *Bilbo* is the Word, re'member that and tremble.

The Swordman.

This jocose manner of bullying an old Man, so long as it affords some Entertainment to my Friends, is what I shall not go about to discourage. However, my witty Antagonist shall give me leave, since he attacks me in Proverbs, to exchange a Thrust or two with him at the same Weapons; and so let me tell Mr. *Swordman*, *There is no catching old Birds with Chaff*; and that *Bess* is a good Dog, but *Hold-fast* is a better. Having dispatched this Combatant, and given him as good as he brings, I proceed to exhibit the Case of a Person who in the very Reverse of the former, the Wish he lays before me in the following Epistle.

Worthy SIR,

'I Am the most unfortunate of Men, if you do 'not speedily interpose with your Authority in 'behalf of a Gentleman, who by his own Example has 'for these six Months endeavoured, at the Peril of his 'Life, to bring little *Swords* and *Targets*, in 'hopes to prevail upon the Gentry by that means '(winning them over Inch by Inch) to appear with'out any Swords at all. It was my Misfortune to 'call in at *Tom's* last Night a little fuddled, where I 'happen-

(Price Two Pence.)

happened only to point towards an odd Fellow with a monſtrous Sword, that made a Ring round him, as he turned upon his Heel, to ſpeak to one or other in the Room. Upon this *Peccadillo*, the bloody-minded Villain has ſent me a Challenge this Morning. I tremble at the very Thoughts of it, and am Sick with the Apprehenſion of ſeeing that Weapon naked, which terrified me in the Scabbard. The unconſcionable Ruffian deſires, in the moſt civil Terms, he may have the Honour of meaſuring Swords with me. Alas, Sir, mine is not (Hilt and all) above a Foot and half. I take the Liberty of incloſing it to you in my Wig-Box, and ſhall be eternally obliged to you, if, upon ſight of it, your Compaſſion may be ſo far moved, as to occaſion you to write a good Word for me to my Adverſary, or to ſay any thing that may ſhame him into Reaſon, and ſave at once the Life and Reputation of,

SIR,

Your moſt devoted Slave,

Timothy Bodkin.

Good Mr. Bodkin,

THE Peruſal of this Paper will give you to underſtand, that your Letter, together with the little Implement you ſent me in the Band-box, came ſafe to my Hands. From the Dimenſions of it, I perceive your Courage lies in a narrow Compaſs. Suppoſe you ſhould ſend this *Bravo* the Fellow to it, and deſire him to meet you in a Cloſet, letting him know, at the ſame time, that you fight well your Duels under Lock and Key for the ſake of Privacy. But, if this Propoſal ſeems a little too raſh, I ſhall ſend my Servant with your Sword to the Perſon offended, and give him Inſtructions to tell him, you are a little Purblind, and dare not for that Reaſon truſt to a longer Weapon; and that an Inch in his Body will do your Buſineſs as well as an Ell: Or, if you would have me proceed yet more cautiouſly, my Servant ſhall let him know as from me, that he ſhould meddle with his Match, and that alone, if he be a Man of Honour, will make him reflect; if otherwiſe (as I am very inclinable to doubt it) you need give your ſelf no farther unneceſſary Fears; but rely upon the Truth of my Remarks upon the *Terribles*. I have bethought my ſelf of one Expedient more for you, which ſeems to be the moſt likely to ſucceed. Send your own Servant to wait upon the Gentleman. Let him carry with him your Sword, and a Letter, in which you tell him, that admiring the Magnificence and Grandeur of his Weapon at *Tom's*, you thought it great Pity, ſo gallant a *Cavalier* ſhould not be compleatly armed; for which Reaſon you humbly requeſt, that you may have the Honour of preſenting him with a Dagger.

I am,

SIR,

Your Faithful Servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

I received a Letter laſt Week from one of my Female Wards, who ſubſcribes her ſelf *Teramnta*. She ſeems to be a Lady of great Delicacy, by the Concern ſhe ſhows for the Loſs of a ſmall Covering, which the generality of the Sex have lay'd aſide. She is in Pain, and full of thoſe Fears, which are natural in a State of Virginity, leaſt any, the ſmalleſt Part of her Linnen, ſhould be in the Poſſeſſion of a Man. In Compliance therefore with her Requeſt, and to gratifie her Modeſty ſo far as lies in my Power, I have given Orders to my Printer to make Room for her Advertiſement in this Day's Paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Auguſt 10. *Whereas a Modeſty-Piece was loſt at the Maſquerade laſt Monday Night, between the Hours of Twelve and One, the Author of this Paper gives Notice, that if any Perſon will give it into the Hands of Mr.* Daniel Button, *to be returned to the Owner, it ſhall by her be acknowledged as the laſt Favour, and no Queſtions aſked.*

N. B. *It is of no Uſe, but to the Owner.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

AT the Requeſt of ſeveral Perſons of Quality, who have appointed to meet at the famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winſtanly, this Evening, at 5 of the Clock, the Mathematical Barrel will be turned into a Tavern, entertaining the Pit and Boxes with 6 ſorts of Wine, Biſcuits, Spaw-water; afterwards it is a Coffee-houſe, with a flying Cupid attending, who preſents the Spectators with Coffee and Tea, and News Papers. There is a deſcending Venus with a Heart in her Hand, which burns and flames in the Water; and a flying Dragon, out of whoſe Mouth comes Water, Fire and Perfumes altogether, before a great Tempeſt of Thunder and Lightning, and Fire mingling with many Caſcades of Water, to the Expence of 300 Tuns extraordinary. Boxes this Night 3 s. Pit 2 s. 6 d. Firſt Gallery, 1 s. 6 d. Upper Gallery 6 d. This is at the lower End of Piccadilly, towards Hide Park, and is ſhewn for the Benefit of his Widow. And will be ſhewn for five Days and no longer this Seaſon.

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